

Yorke Sirra, go will the Earle of Salisbury and Warwicke,
to sup with me to night.
One I will my lord.

exi Yorke.
exit.

*Enter the King and Queene with her hawke on her fist, and
Duke Humphrey and Suffolke, and the Cardinall,
as if they came from hawking.*

Queene My lord, how did your grace like this last flighe?
But as I cast her off the wind did rise,
And twas ten to one old Ione had not gone out.

King How wonderfull the Lords workes are on earth,
Euen in these seely creatures of his hands!
Vnckle Gloster, how hie your hawke did soare,
And on a sodain fowst the partridge downe.

Suff No maruel, if it please your maiestie,
My lord Protectors hawke doe towre so well,
He knowes his master loues to be aloft.

Hum. Faith my Lord it is but a base mind,
That can soare no higher then a Faulcons pitch.

Card. I thought your grace would be about the clowdes.

Hum. Yea my lord Cardinall, were it not good
Your grace could flie to heauen.

Card. Thy heauen is on earth thy words and thoughts beat
on a crowne, proud Protector, dangerous Peere, to smooth it
thus with King and common-wealth.

Hum. How now my lord, why this is more then needes,
church-men so hate! good vnckle can you dote?

Suff. Why not? hauing so good a quarrel, and so bad a cause.

Hum. As how, my lord?

Suff. As you, my lord, and it like your Lordly
lords Protectorship.

Hum. Why Suffolke, England knowes thy insolence.

Queen And thy ambition Gloster.

King. Cease gentle Queene, and whet not on these furious
Lords to wrath, for blessed are the peace-makers on
earth.

Card.

houses, of Yorke

Card. Let me be blessed for t
Against this proud Protector w

Hum. Faith holy vnckle, I wo

Card. Euen when thou dar'st

Hum. Dare! I tell thee Priest
brooke the dare.

Card. I am Plantaganet as w
Gaunt.

Hum. In Bastardie.

Card. I scorne thy words.

Hum. Make vp no factious nu
person meete me at the East end

Card. Heres my hand, I will.

King Why how now Lords

Card. Faith cosin Gloster,
soon, we had had more sport to c
buckler.

Hum. Faith priest ile shaue y

Card. Protector, protect thy

King The wind growes high

Enter one cryin

How now! now sirra, what mira

One And it please your grace,
to saint Albons, and hath receiue

King Go fetch him hither, t
with him.

*Enter the Mayor of saint Albons,
bearing the man that ha*

two in a c

King Thou happy man, giue
For he it is, that thus hath helpe

Humphrey Where wast thou

poore man At Barwicke sir, in

Hum. At Barwicke, and com

poore. Yea sir, it was told me in

That sweet saint Albons, shoul

Hum. What art thou lame to